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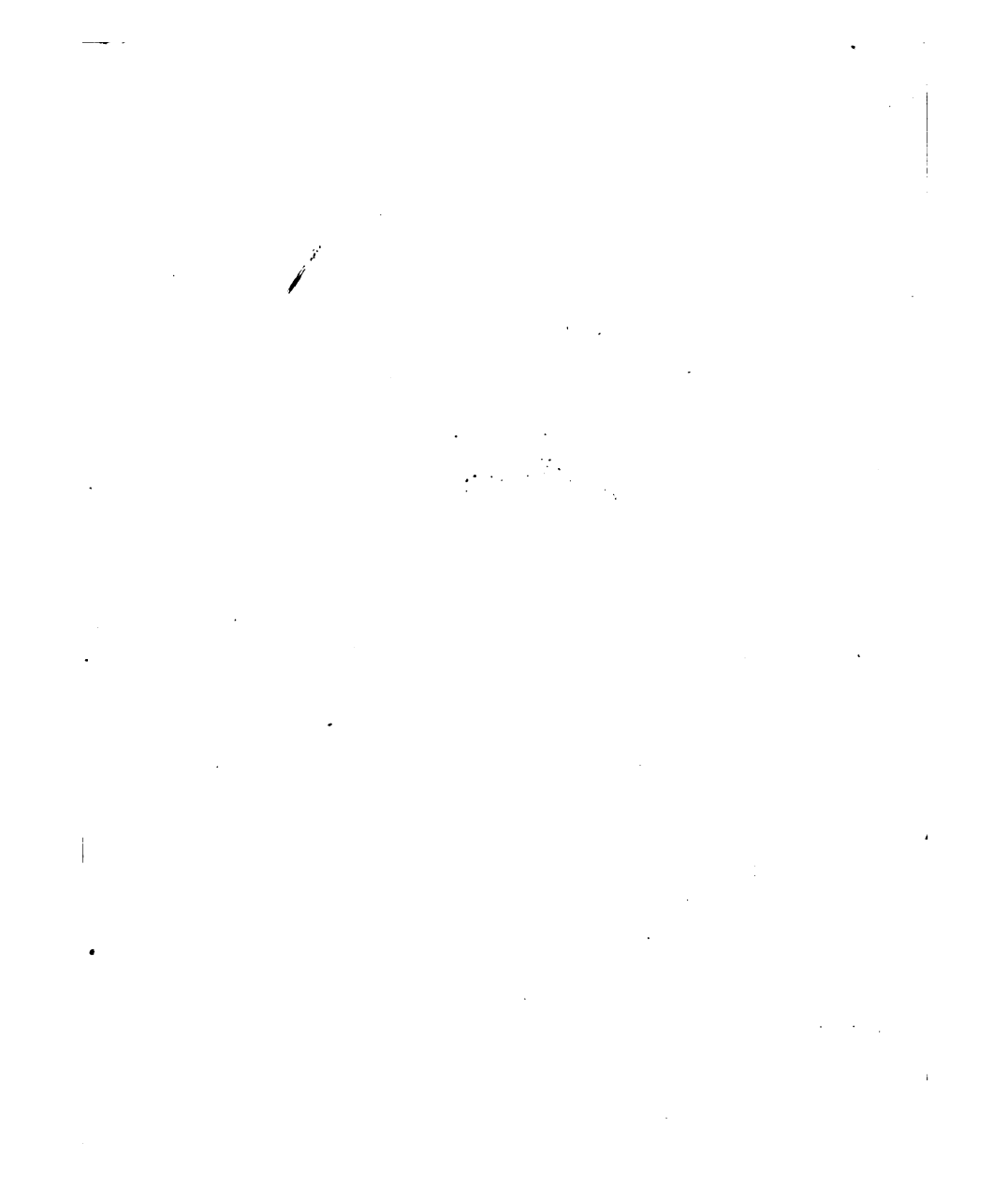
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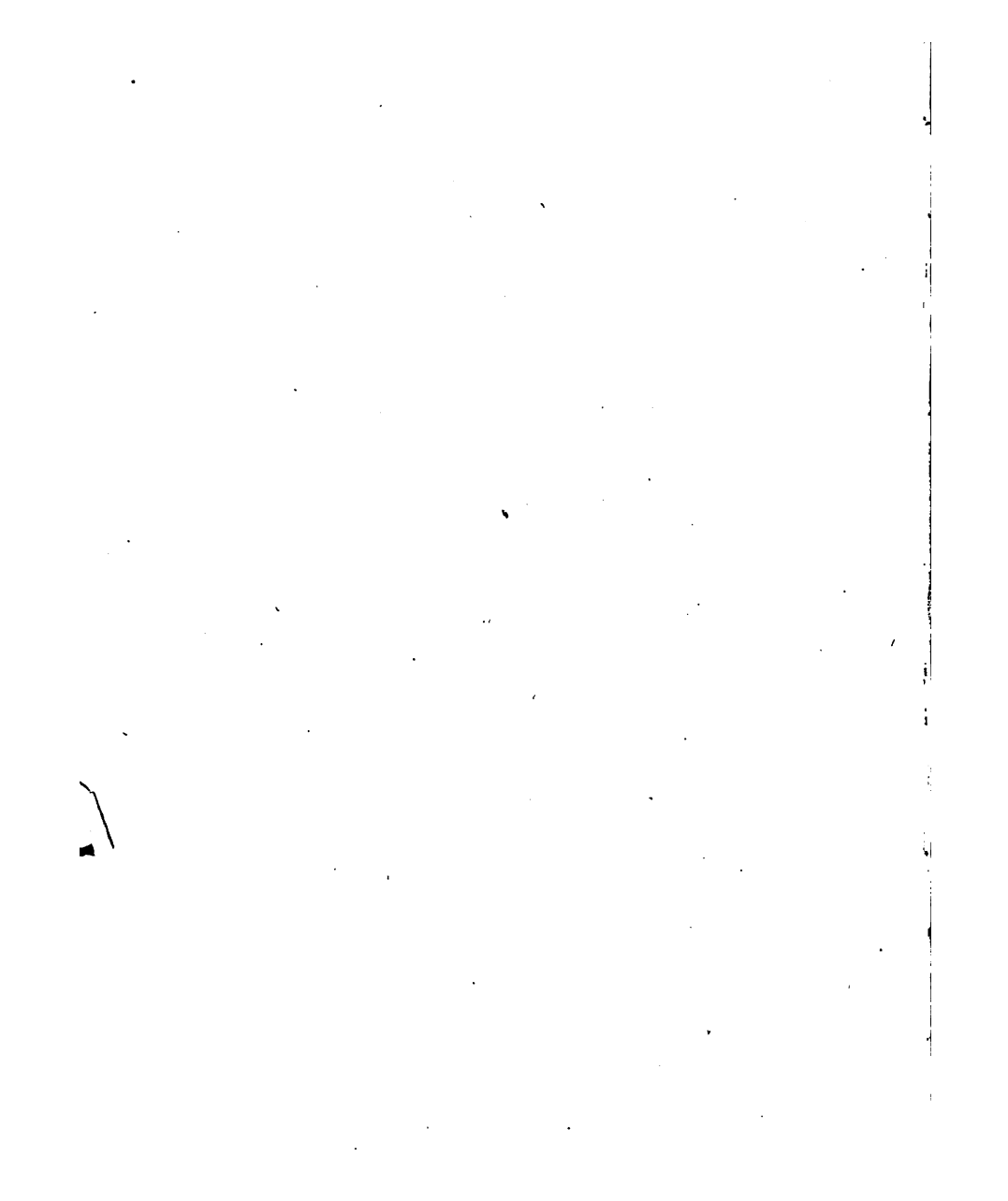
POEMS

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# POEMS

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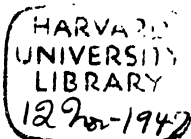
ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH

NEWARK N. J.

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1868

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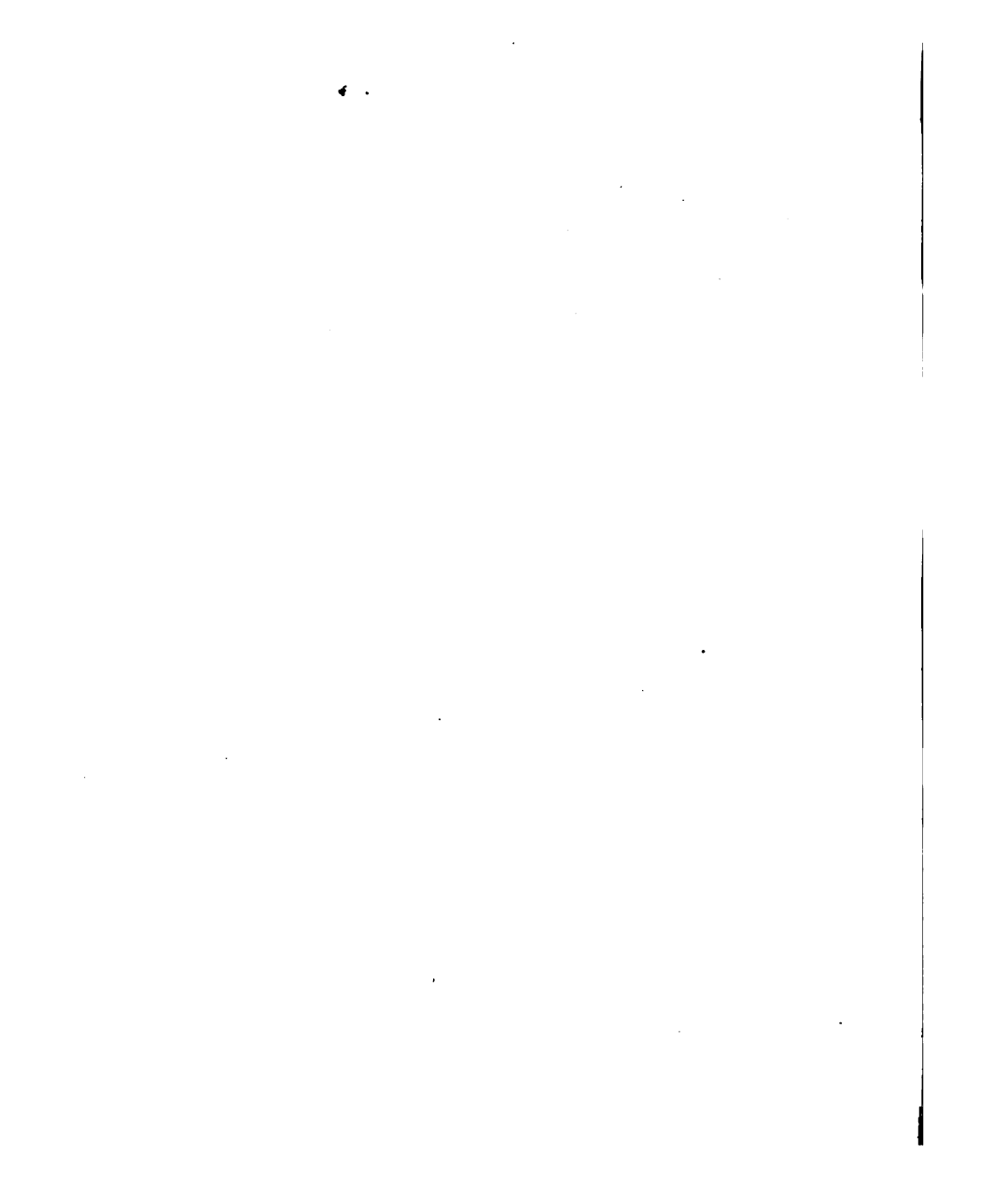
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TO MY FRIEND,

MARY P. VAN DYKE.





*SHE CAME, SINGING A SONG.*

GOETHE.



ON Bridge street, in Trenton, New-Jersey, a few feet from the track of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, stands a row of plain little frame houses. There is nothing about them to arrest attention. One only is distinguished in any way from its neighbors. It bears the simple announcement,

"CHAIRS CANED HERE,"

painted on a strip of tin and nailed to the weatherboards. The front door opens directly into a small, poorly-furnished apartment. A rag-carpet covers the floor, a couple of tables and several broken chairs are scattered about, books are piled here and there, a few engravings hang on the walls, and a cross leans upon the mantel-shelf. An open door shows a small kitchen adjoining, and beyond, a porch shaded by morning-glories. Five or six noisy children give life to the scene, the central figure of which is the kneeling form of a woman, clad in faded calico, and busily at work caning the seat of a chair. This woman, toiling amid the children, with tired hands striving to win bread for all, is the mother of the humble home—and the author of some of the most tender, graceful, and popular lyrics of the day.

Her face bears unmistakable traces of past mental and physical suffering. But others, too, have suffered. Not alone because of her life of sorrow is the world interested in the history of ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH. It is because the wonderful God has given her the divine gift of seeing and saying which men call

Poetry; it is because to her, in her lowliness and trouble, has come

“The summons august which the highest revere,  
The greatest that visits the children of men.”

Therefore it is that every phase of her experience is invested with peculiar interest. We look eagerly into this sad and humble life, which has found an expression so full, so musical, and so refined.

In the secluded village of Cooperstown, N. Y., “Clementine” was born, on the 17th of May, 1827. Her maiden name was Doran. Her father was Irish, and her mother English. The family did not remain long at Cooperstown, being compelled to move from one manufacturing place to another in New-England and the Middle States, wherever the father could obtain work at his trade of calico-printing. When barely seven years old, little Ellen, amid the din of a factory, began her toilsome career. Her school education was of the most limited character. She says: “I cannot remember when I learned to read. It was, however, all I did learn at school. Through the small libraries in the factory villages, always free for ‘the hands,’ I generally had plenty of reading, as we never remained long in one place.” Among the recollections of her childhood, none is more vivid than that of a little old garret—with its strings of dried apples hanging from the rafters, and its packages of seeds and fragrant herbs—whose rubbish of papers, pamphlets, and yellow-leaved books, left by a former occupant of the house, was her greatest earthly treasure and delight. Here she would hide alone, and, as she sat by the small, low window, poring over some precious volume, the hours flew by unheeded, until the mother’s chiding voice recalled the young dreamer to her neglected work.

A strange, lonely girl was she, and an utter mystery to her youthful comrades, who marvelled at her absorbing devotion to books, and mistook her reserve for lack of sympathy. How

could they see, in the timid and retiring factory-girl, the brave-hearted woman—the eloquent poet? Between this Ellen and the girl whose gown touched hers, as they worked together in the factory, there was a gulf of infinite width. The busy, clattering world about her was not the one in which she mainly lived. There was another, where the noise of the machinery became the far-off murmur of the ocean which breaks upon the dreamland shore. Blest and yet desolate, what wonder that her every-day life often was sombre to dreariness! “I had no friends nor acquaintances out of our own family,” she afterward wrote; “never attended any of their merry-makings, cared nothing for dress, seldom went to church—in short, ‘cared for nobody, and nobody cared for me.’ I have always been entirely alone—shut out from all sympathy by my own reserve. If I could write prose, I would like to write a history of my inner life. It would not be tame, insipid sentimentalism, but full of condensed fire and energy.”

Taking the years together, her early life seems to have been singularly unhappy. “Nothing,” she has said, “could be more miserable and dreadful.” A bitter retrospect, indeed, must that have been which could wring from her the confession :

“I never knew, in my sad life,  
A childhood’s mirth, a girlhood’s glee.”

At the age of eighteen she married an Englishman named Joseph Howarth, who, like her father, was a calico-printer. The young couple soon settled in Trenton, and there most of their married life has been spent. Modern inventions supplanting the old methods of calico-printing, and causing the usual temporary derangement of labor, Mr. Howarth found himself compelled to seek work in machine-shops. In order to aid in maintaining her growing family, Mrs. Howarth learned the trade of chair-caning, and thus employed all the moments she could snatch from her

household duties. Meanwhile, one by one, five of her children were taken from her in infancy. But there was no time for tears. Turning away with an almost broken heart from their little graves, the mother worked on. The loved ones at her knee must be clothed and fed.

She stood one day at the door, watching her little Mary—a beautiful infant, hardly two years old—playing in the street, when a pair of runaway horses dashed by. In an instant her child was killed before her eyes. She picked up the poor, crushed little body, and, clasping it in her arms, carried it into the house. Yet she has said to a friend of her heart: “I have suffered worse things than this.”

About three years ago, Mr. Howarth, while working in a machine-shop, met with an accident which utterly destroyed the sight of one eye, and rendered the other almost useless. Without a word of complaint, without one appeal for assistance, the wife now assumed the task of supporting, by her almost unaided exertions, a family of seven. In a letter to a friend, written at this time, she says: “Excuse me for not answering your kind note sooner. The morning I received it I had made a contract for the caning of a certain number of car-seats, and they were to be done by Tuesday, the 6th—to-day. By working from five in the morning till eleven at night, I have finished in time.” Notwithstanding all her efforts, the family were soon reduced to the utmost want. Had it not been for one of the kindest of landlords, they would have been turned into the street. With a delicate regard for her pride of independence, he accepted the payment of rent from his poet-tenant in verses, one poem being regularly paid over every month. Did the muse ever serve poor poet a better turn, or was ever poet blessed with so human-hearted a landlord!

At this period of their greatest destitution, a lady of Trenton visited the little house in Bridge street, and found that there was

no food in the cupboard, and that there was no money with which to obtain a meal. Suffering with hunger, their only hope of supply was from a few shillings which would be paid when a chair, just finished, should be carried home. The kind heart of the visitor was stirred. Temporary relief was at once afforded; and soon a grand testimonial concert was announced for the benefit of the poet. But the poor, overtasked woman fell, even while her burden was being lifted. On the 26th of March, 1867, a few days before the concert was to take place, Mrs. Howarth was stricken with paralysis. For many days life trembled in the balance. But, in time, her native vigor prevailed. She has lately been able to resume her labors, not with perfect health and strength as allies, but with the aid that is born of hope. It is pleasant to know that the noble exertions of her new friend were generously seconded by many who were now acquainted with "Clementine's" needs. She has no longer the dread of seeing her little ones houseless. A comfortable shelter, at least, has been secured to her and hers for life.

A good while ago it was said: a poet is born, not made; but the truth of the saying was never more clearly proven than in the history of Mrs. Howarth,—nor is there any more striking example of the efficacy of affliction in awakening to life and utterance the dormant power and eloquence of the soul. Her girlhood, with its romance and sorrows, had gone, and the stern trials and responsibilities of womanhood were upon her before she thought of giving voice to the thoughts and yearnings thronging within. And then,

"The fountain of song in her bosom arose,  
When the small, baby pillow was tenantless left."

Since that time it has seemed as natural for her to write in numbers as to think—or to suffer. In her verses, every shade of

feeling, almost every experience of the heart, has been expressed. She has sung the song of love and the hymn of devotion. Her numbers have kindled the enthusiasm of the soldier, and moved him to deeds of lofty daring for the dear country's sake. The same voice has chanted the requiem over his grave, and penetrated the hushed chambers of the home to which the "soldier comes no more." She has rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and mourned with those who mourned; but chiefly her poems have fallen like tears upon the graves of her own children.

Hers is no labored verse. In her own simple language, she has told a friend how her fancies find their way to paper. "When I can write," she says, "which is not always, I write very rapidly, and never revise. When the spirit moves me to write on any particular subject, every thing that I have heard, seen, or read, connected with that subject, comes freshly to my memory. So, you see, I have a choice of material, and if my mental powers had been rightly trained, I believe I might have made a respectable writer." Sometimes, while at the wash-tub, an idea fit for the robing of verse would "come into her head." Duty said: "Keep your hands in the suds!" "Write!" pleaded the muse. If duty were obeyed, the idea winged an eternal flight. If the muse prevailed, then the washing was delayed. But the poet finally hit upon a happy compromise, and took care to keep near at hand a pencil and a slip of paper. When once the idea was caught, the poem would come after the clothes were on the line. One day, the printer's boy came to her door with his ceaseless cry for "copy." She seated herself at the table, and her eye, at that moment, falling upon the advertisement of a boat which had been loosed from its moorings, the boy was soon sent back to the newspaper-office with a most graceful and suggestive little poem, which, under the title of "Adrift," has found a place in the present collection. She seldom left the house. When she did, a tress of golden hair found

on the frozen earth—a falling leaf—a stranger's grave, was sufficient to suggest a poem.

“What a puzzle my life is to me!” she said once, writing to a friend. “Here am I, a sentimental dreamer, loving every thing beautiful and refined, shrinking from coarseness, drudgery, and dirt, yet powerless to escape from them. Poor Alexander Smith, I wonder if he had my experience when he wrote :

“When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,  
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,  
The tears of impotence and self-contempt.”

For many years she wrote over the *nom de plume* of “Clementine;” but when her identity was discovered, it was not long before her acquaintance was sought by those who were attracted by her genius. Julia Ward Howe—herself the author of some of the finest lyrics in the language, Lydia H. Sigourney, and Elizabeth Oakes Smith, took an especial interest in their poet sister.\* “Just now,” she wrote, “the clouds are beginning to break. Friends, refined and intellectual, are gathering around me, and I can almost cry out, as one of my ilk has done before me :

“O my heart, my heart!  
We have been starved hereto;  
But now the feast of Friendship is prepared,  
And let us quaff our fill!”

Then, as if ashamed of this most natural outburst, she adds, with quaint pathos—“There, forgive me.”

It must be confessed that those who have seen Mrs. Howarth working and struggling so patiently and so heroically in the midst of discouragements the full extent of which was hidden even from her friends, are hardly to be trusted in any critical estimate of her literary productions. They may be forgiven if they lose

\* A Visit to C. H. Mrs. Howe's Later Lyrics, page 303.



sight of the writer in the woman, and if even her most commonplace rhymes have, to them, a meaning and a pathos which strangers cannot be expected to discover. But it is believed that the real merit of these unstudied verses will be recognized where their origin is unknown. The inspiration of a similar religious faith, it may be, has imparted to them the same human tenderness and spirit of devotion which give such a charm to the poems of Adelaide Anne Procter. An outline of the strange, sad life of the author is presented, therefore, less with the view of awakening sympathy, which leads judgment captive, than of enabling the reader to have a fuller appreciation and enjoyment of the beauty and truthfulness of her poems.

R. W. G.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

## CONTENTS.

---

|                                          | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>The Passion Flower</i> .....          | 15   |
| <i>Rufus the King</i> .....              | 17   |
| <i>Thou wilt never grow old.</i> .....   | 20   |
| <i>A Song of the Saints</i> .....        | 22   |
| <i>The Violet's March Song</i> .....     | 24   |
| <i>A Christmas Call</i> .....            | 26   |
| <i>Gethsemane</i> .....                  | 28   |
| <i>My Jewels</i> .....                   | 31   |
| <i>Dolce Far Niente</i> .....            | 33   |
| <i>My Soldier comes no more</i> .....    | 35   |
| <i>Watching the Stars</i> .....          | 37   |
| <i>Communion with the Dead</i> .....     | 39   |
| <i>Kyrie Eleison</i> .....               | 41   |
| <i>"Forget me not"</i> .....             | 43   |
| <i>Thy Day is closed</i> .....           | 45   |
| <i>Christ stilling the Tempest</i> ..... | 46   |
| <i>A Mother's Prayer</i> .....           | 48   |
| <i>Among the Graves</i> .....            | 51   |
| <i>The Stranger's Grave</i> .....        | 53   |
| <i>To Mary</i> .....                     | 55   |
| <i>Rest</i> .....                        | 57   |
| <i>We'll meet again to-morrow</i> .....  | 60   |

|                                         | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------|------|
| <i>The Olive Star</i> .....             | 61   |
| <i>My Rosebud</i> .....                 | 63   |
| <i>Enthusiasm</i> .....                 | 65   |
| <i>Mignonette</i> .....                 | 67   |
| <i>The First Born</i> .....             | 69   |
| <i>The Pilgrim</i> .....                | 71   |
| <i>Adrift</i> .....                     | 72   |
| <i>The Lost Letter</i> .....            | 74   |
| <i>The Espiritu Santo</i> .....         | 76   |
| <i>God's Will be done</i> .....         | 78   |
| <i>The Tress of Golden Hair</i> .....   | 80   |
| <i>Castle-Building</i> .....            | 83   |
| <i>The New Year's Valentine</i> .....   | 86   |
| <i>Through the Fence</i> .....          | 88   |
| <i>All Souls</i> .....                  | 90   |
| <i>Out of the Shadow</i> .....          | 93   |
| <i>The Poet</i> .....                   | 95   |
| <i>Edgar A. Poe</i> .....               | 98   |
| <i>The Followers of the Cross</i> ..... | 99   |
| <i>The Forsaken</i> .....               | 102  |
| <i>The Poets</i> .....                  | 104  |
| <i>An Explanation</i> .....             | 106  |
| <i>Not Lost</i> .....                   | 108  |
| <i>Consolation</i> .....                | 109  |
| <i>My Kingdom</i> .....                 | 110  |

## POEMS.

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### THE PASSION FLOWER.

**I** PLUCKED it in an idle hour  
And placed it in my book of prayer :  
'Tis not the only passion flower  
That hath been crushed and hidden there ;  
And now through floods of burning tears  
My withered bloom once more I see,  
And I lament the long, long years,  
The wasted years afar from Thee.

My flower is emblem of the bright  
"First fervor" that my spirit knew,  
A dream of beauty, joy, and light,—  
Now pale and dead it meets my view.

*The Passion Flower.*

What is there left of dream or flower  
But ashes ? Take, I pray, from me,  
All my vain thoughts of fame and power,  
And draw my spirit nearer Thee.

I have no olive leaf to bring  
From the wild waste of waters dark ;  
For, like the dove, my weary wing  
Can find no refuge but the Ark.  
Take me once more to thy true breast,  
Save me from passion's stormy sea :  
There is on earth no place of rest  
For my wild spirit save in Thee.

Oh ! would some prophet might arise  
To touch my lips with fervent fire !  
Would some bright spirit from the skies  
Might tune to sacred strains my lyre !  
With soul refined from earthly dross,  
And heart from human passions free,  
I'd be the laureate of the Cross,  
And dedicate my life to Thee.

My passion flower was once a part  
Of this high vision of renown,  
But now within its withered heart  
I see the cross but not the crown ;  
And now with love's repentant tears  
I come once more on bended knee,  
Lamenting for the long, long years,  
The wasted years afar from Thee.



RUFUS THE KING.

ONE morn in summer's glory,  
Beneath an old oak hoary,  
This wild romantic story  
I heard a poet sing :—  
How once, the wassail ended,  
By lords and dukes attended,  
From castle well defended,  
Rode Rufus the King.

*Rufus the King.*

The huntsman's bugle sounded,  
The fiery coursers bounded,  
And he, by guards surrounded,  
    Rushed on with reckless spring,  
Till soon, a by-way choosing,  
All company refusing,  
His path in forest losing,  
    Rode Rufus the King.

The darkness gathered o'er him,  
An unknown path before him,  
And still his courser bore him  
    As on an eagle's wing:  
Till sudden came a crashing,  
A steed in fury dashing,  
And blood the green sward splashing,  
    Near Rufus the King.

The morning broke in splendor,  
And help as true and tender  
As woman's hand could render  
    Did to the monarch bring.

*Rufus the King.*

19

One in her girlhood flying  
From his unhallowed sighing  
Pillowed the head in dying  
Of Rufus the King.

This tale of days departed,  
Of woman faithful hearted,  
Just to my memory started,  
This balmy day in Spring ;  
But sleeping pale and gory  
In manhood's April glory  
Is he who sang this story  
Of Rufus the King.



## THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

**T**HOU wilt never grow old,  
 Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth ;  
 My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold  
 In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.  
 O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,  
 In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold :  
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where  
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,  
 Never grow old !

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin  
 Haunting my footsteps wherever I go ;  
 Life is a warfare my title to win,—  
 Well will it be if it end not in woe.  
 Pray for me, sweet, I am laden with care,  
 Dark are my garments with mildew and mould :  
 Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,  
 And wilt never grow old, sweet,  
 Never grow old !

Now, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies,  
All the fond words I am whispering to thee ?  
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes,  
Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free ?  
So I believe, though the shadows of time  
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold :  
Thou wilt still love me, and,—pleasure sublime !—  
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,  
Never grow old !

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,  
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven ;  
Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day  
Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted to  
Heaven.  
O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,  
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,  
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where  
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,  
Never grow old.

## A SONG OF THE SAINTS

UP to the brim my cup is filled  
With passion's purple wine,  
Ripened by fire, and heart-distilled  
For this Dear Love of mine ;  
And I rejoice the livelong day,  
Gone is the strange unrest ;  
My soul is praising while I pray  
To him I love the best.

Rejoice,—ah ! wherefore should I not,  
Whatever fate may do ?  
For whatsoever my earthly lot,  
My Lover 'will be true.  
I clasp with passionate caress  
His image to my breast ;  
My soul flows forth in tenderness  
To Him I love the best.

And while my soul flows forth to Him  
His love comes back to me ;  
Yet I but kiss His garment's rim,  
Nor rise from bended knee ;  
For mine is not the daring love  
To nestle in His breast,  
And coo sweet praises, like the dove,  
To Him I love the best.

I love my Love—my blessed Love—  
In all the fondest ways,  
Yet He is ever far above  
My fondest prayer and praise :  
The flame so passionate and pure  
That glows within my breast,  
Doth prompt me all things to endure  
For Him I love the best.

Hard is the path that duty treads,  
The soul gropes on in night,  
Till love, like lightning, comes and spreads  
Its kingdom to our sight :

*The Violet's March Song.*

Thus looked He on me from above  
And, henceforth, is my rest  
Where'er He wills, with Him I love,  
With Him who loves me best.

---

## THE VIOLET'S MARCH SONG.

I AM waiting, I am waiting for the gentle April breath,  
For the voice of resurrection that shall break the power  
of death.  
I am weary of the prison where the clay doth round me  
cling,  
And, with swelling heart, I listen for the calling of the  
Spring.  
The sun is smiling brightly, but I meet his smiles with  
scorn,  
And the dews are falling nightly, to be frozen ere the  
morn,  
And upon the turf above me oft I hear the bluebird sing;  
But be patient, ye who love me, I am waiting for the  
Spring.

If the sun with pleasant smiling could betray me to the  
frost,

'Twould be like the world's beguiling and the love and  
friendships lost.

But I do not think of dying by the north wind's frosty  
sting,

So beneath the sod I'm lying, till the coming of the  
Spring.

Like a true heart fondly yearning to behold the loved  
one's face,

Like a chosen soul awaiting the sanctifying grace,

As the blessed Lord arisen doth sure deliverance bring,

So like the saints in prison I am waiting for the Spring.

I am waiting, I am waiting for the gentle April breath,  
For the voice of resurrection that shall break the power  
of death ;

And the minstrel's heart is filling, and the lyre's triumphant  
string

Feels the coming of its thrilling with the coming of the  
Spring.

## A CHRISTMAS CALL.

OH my beloved, return  
Once more to bless the lonely hearth,  
To watch the Christmas taper burn,  
And wake the voice of mirth.  
Oh come, thou hast been absent long,  
And silent is the laugh and song ;  
Come, my beloved, it cannot be  
A merry Christmas without thee,—  
Oh best beloved, return !

Come with thy cheerful smile,—  
I never called for thee in vain ;  
Come, drive the shadows hence awhile  
That brood on heart and brain.  
Come, let me look upon thy face,  
And feel once more thy fond embrace.  
By all the woes which round me fall,  
I pray thee answer to my call,—  
Oh best beloved, return !

Come, come! What though I stand  
Beside the bending Christmas tree,  
The centre of my household band,  
My soul still yearns for thee.  
For thee ;—and are my longings vain,  
And wilt thou never come again,  
'To take thy place at board or hearth,  
And join thy voice in prayer or mirth?  
Oh best beloved, return !

Come, let thy dear hands press  
Once more in blessing on my head ;  
And in thy voice of tenderness  
Be Christmas greetings said.  
I call in vain. To many a home  
An answer to this call will come,  
But not to mine. Oh spirit fled,  
They call the living, I the dead,—  
Thou wilt no more return.



## GETHSEMANE.

**I** THINK, could I behold the bowers  
Where my Redeemer bent the knee,  
And breathe the fragrance of the flowers  
Of sanctified Gethsemane,  
And with my sinful lips once press  
The turf on which my Saviour trod,  
Anointed thus, then could they bless  
And praise and serve thee, O my God !

I know not if the Kedron brook  
Doth water still the solemn glade,  
Nor if it bears aught of the look  
It bore when there our Saviour prayed ;  
But though the Kedron floweth not,  
And thou art bare of flowers or tree,  
To me thou art earth's holiest spot,  
O sanctified Gethsemane.

There is a sad and soothing charm  
Even in thy name, O sacred earth !  
That stills like drops of magic balm  
The turbid waves of passion's birth ;  
And thou hast even power to set  
My captive heart from fetters free :  
I only sin when I forget  
The sorrows of Gethsemane.

'Tis said that every earthly sound  
Goes trembling through the voiceless spheres,  
Bearing its endless echoes round  
The pathway of eternal years.  
Ah ! surely, then, the sighs that He  
That midnight breathed, the zephyrs bore  
From thy dim shades, Gethsemane,  
To thrill the world forevermore !

Is it this power's electric start  
That toucheth souls with love divine ?  
That bringeth to my brother's heart  
The calm that cometh not to mine ?

Is it the tears that bathed His face,  
That from the clouds in rain-drops pour,  
Baptizing, in a shower of grace,  
The sinful earth forevermore ?

I know not, but I fain would trace  
O'er burning deserts long and wide,  
That I might look upon the place  
Where my Redeemer lived and died ;  
And fallen tower and broken wall  
Of His loved city I would see,  
And thou, the holiest spot of all,  
O sanctified Gethsemane !

MY JEWELS.

I KEEP my jewels in this little box,  
And always open it on bended knees ;  
What need have I to guard with bolts and locks, .  
For who would steal such simple things as these ?  
Here on the top my sister's picture lies,  
That sister I beheld a month ago,  
So sadly changed, I scarce could recognize  
The blooming belle that had been worshipped so.

And there was one who loved me when a girl,  
One who has won his crown by saintly deeds ;  
Here are his gifts,—a crucifix of pearl,  
And little rosary of silver beads.  
And here are leaves bound with a simple string,  
And letters with a faded riband tied ;  
This was my father's watch-chain, and this ring  
Was on my mother's finger when she died.

Here is a little book I dearly prize,  
    Though plainly bound, and tattered too, and old :  
This book is far more precious to my eyes,  
    Than yon rich volume with its clasp of gold.  
I turn its yellow leaves, grown dim with years,  
    And kiss the flowers between the pages placed ;  
And try to read again through blinding tears,  
    The margin notes a loved one's hand hath traced.

Here is a slender tress of golden hair,  
    A broken bridal ring—no matter whose—  
A necklace clasp,—these are my jewels rare,  
    That for a world of wealth I would not lose.  
The magic of a dear one's word, or look,  
    Hath round each trifling thing a halo cast :—  
There is no woman's heart without some nook  
    Stored with its dear memorials of the past.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

**Y**ES, it is pleasant thus to weave the rhyme,  
As the fit takes us, leaning idly back  
In cushions soft, forgetting tide and time,  
And all that they are leaving in their track.  
This work-day world, with its continual din,  
Its strife of tongues and homes of endless care,  
Is not so happy as the world within,  
With its blue skies, sweet flowers, and valleys fair,  
And the soft breathing of its summer air,—  
Dolce far niente.

And in this realm,—this calm, luxurious clime,—  
Behold the drooping angel of Repose,  
Round whom we wrap the graceful folds of rhyme  
And fan with zephyrs till her eyelids close :  
3

And with light feet the Fancies trip along,  
Hiding with flowing robes the passing hours,  
And the fair spirit, Dream, with tenderest song,  
Woos the rich odors from the beds of flowers,  
And scatters in this Paradise of ours,—  
Dolce far niente.

And so we sit and fold our empty hands,  
And dream vain dreams, or weave the idle rhyme,  
Forgetting the recording angel stands,  
And we shall meet again our wasted time.  
Alas for us ! amid our groves of balm,  
We oft forget the work, the praise, the prayer.  
Well may we draw the curtain in alarm,—  
The pale face of the dying Christ is there,  
And cursed forever is thy fatal air,—  
Dolce far niente.

MY SOLDIER COMES NO MORE.

**Y**ES, many a heart is light to-day,  
And bright is many a home,  
And children dance along the way  
The soldier heroes come ;  
And bands beneath the floral arch  
The gladdest music pour ;  
While beats my heart a funeral march,—  
My soldier comes no more.

One morn from him glad tidings came,  
Joy to my heart they gave ;  
At night I read my hero's name  
Amid the fallen brave.  
I know not where he met the foe,  
Nor where he sleeps in gore,  
Enough of woe for me to know,  
My soldier comes no more.



Now here they come, with heavy tramp,  
And flags and pennons gay,  
Who were his comrades in the camp,  
His friends for many a day.  
The music ceases as they pass  
Before my cottage door ;  
The flags are lowered ; they know, alas !  
My soldier comes no more.

What care I for the seasons now ?  
The world has lost its light :  
No spring can clothe my leafless bough,  
No morn dispel my night.  
No longer may I hopeful wait  
For summer to restore :  
My heart and home are desolate,—  
My soldier comes no more.

WATCHING THE STARS.

**W**EARY of curbing a spirit of fire,  
Weary of toil that has ever been loss,  
Weary of yielding my right to the lyre,  
Of seeking the sceptre, and finding the cross;  
Weary of bending, while conscious of might  
To wrest from my spirit its fetters and bars,  
Lonely I'm sitting this long summer night  
Watching the stars.

What knows the world of my struggles to keep  
The sword from the soul and the wolf from the door?  
Of how often I smile when I gladly would weep  
To relieve the poor heart that is troubled and sore?  
My tears wet a face that is wasted and white  
In the chequers of light through the close window bars,  
And silent I'm sitting this long summer night  
Watching the stars.

Silence is resting on temple and mart,  
But hath not a spell for my wild throbbing brain,  
Nor soothes the wan sleeper whose pitiful start  
Proclaims in his slumber the presence of pain.  
Why should I welcome those flashes of light,  
The shriek of the engine, the rush of the cars,  
While sitting so hopeless this sad summer night  
Watching the stars ?

Yes, gaze on the face that is free to your glance—  
Ah ! little you know of the spirit within—  
And read, if you will, as a thrilling romance,  
A soul's revelation of sorrow and sin.  
Thus some one hereafter may read what I write—  
A record of life with its battles and scars,  
And weep for the sinner, in anguish to-night  
Watching the stars.

COMMUNION WITH THE DEAD.

**T**HOU bendest o'er me, sweet,  
Thy holy fingers close my weary eyes.  
I did not know that we again should meet  
Till past the azure skies.  
My soul was waiting for that time of grace,  
Waiting so patiently, O golden head!  
Come to my heart and take thine olden place,  
Lift to my fevered lips thine angel face,—  
Thus do I hold communion with my dead.

I know the morn will break,  
And thy sweet presence I no more shall see,  
Yet shall my steps be holy for the sake  
Of moments spent with thee.  
Thy snowy wings from the eternal shore  
Have heavenly benedictions o'er me shed,  
And on my heart thy rays celestial pour,  
Holiest and best! My lips shall say no more,—  
Earth cannot hold communion with the dead.

*Communion with the Dead.*

Thy tender pleadings, sweet,  
It must have been that won this power divine,  
To bend thy pinions earthward, where thy feet  
Have roved ere now with mine.  
To touch mine eyes with chrism of holy light,  
And wave thy fragrant censer round my head,  
To draw the clayey curtains from my sight,  
And stand before me beautiful and bright,—  
That I might hold communion with my dead!

Now shall I tread the earth  
As if I touched it not, remembering thee.  
I was a child of passion from my birth,  
But thou hast set me free.  
Now through the world's dark mazes can I go,  
Safe and secure, by unseen spirits led,  
Chanting the soul's hosannas soft and low.  
What now to me is earthly care or woe,  
Since I have held communion with my dead?

KYRIE ELEISON.

**T**HY path is o'er the lofty hills,  
Mine through the valleys still and deep ;  
Thy strain with pure devotion thrills,  
Mine makes the sad and lonely weep.  
We are unlike and far apart,  
And yet united heart to heart,—  
For each hath learned the mournful plaint  
Of sorrowing sinner, suffering saint,  
Kyrie Eleison.

Thine was the path that seemed the best,  
A glorious mission from on high ;  
But thou hast memories in thy breast  
That may not sleep and cannot die.  
And 'mid the strife of human wills,  
Thou lookest down on earthly ills  
With patient calmness. Bend thy knee,  
And say once more this prayer with me,  
Kyrie Eleison.

*Kyrie Eleison.*

My lowest whisper in the vale  
Can reach thy home upon the hills ;  
While thine, breathed softly on the gale,  
Comes murmuring down like mountain rills.  
O mild apostle ! wrong nor ruth  
Can never turn thee from the truth ;  
And never more thy sandalled feet  
May press my path. Let us repeat  
Kyrie Eleison.

Now from the valley, still and deep,  
Where meek-eyed martyrs lived and died,  
I seek thy mountain, rough and steep,  
And fain would climb its barren side.  
Alas for me ! I cannot bear  
The breathings of its purer air.  
Let all good souls repeat the plaint  
Of sorrowing sinner, suffering saint,  
Kyrie Eleison.

“FORGET ME NOT.”

A SONG for thee, “Forget me not,”  
Thou best beloved of all the flowers  
That cluster in my garden plot,  
Or deck my household bowers.  
I think, when on thy leaves I gaze,  
Of lover’s vows and poet’s lays ;  
All thou hast been in other days,  
Thou sweet “Forget me not.”

Thou dost recall, “Forget me not,”  
Things I have dreamed, or heard, or read ;  
Of quaint old legends, long forgot,  
That link thee with the dead.  
By thee the lover urged his suit,  
With thee the maiden wreathed her lute,—  
Maid, lute, and lover, all are mute,  
Not thou, “Forget me not.”



*"Forget me not."*

When I look back, "Forget me not,"  
Through mine own aisles of memory,  
I smile, for every lovely spot  
Is sweetly marked by thee.  
The violet tells me of my dead :  
Of passion's dream,—the rosebud red ;  
Of faith,—thou with thy bending head,  
Thou pure "Forget me not."

Thy drooping bells, "Forget me not,"  
Conceal the dew that in them lies ;  
As we conceal in memory's grot  
Our tears from careless eyes.  
The hearts that beat in sympathy  
Alone our inmost motives see ;  
And read aright my song to thee,  
Thou dear "Forget me not."

THY DAY IS CLOSED.

**T**HY day is closed! O, joy to thee,  
Great heart and spirit high!  
Blest is the lance that set thee free,  
Without a lingering sigh.  
Death is a thing of dread  
To sinful souls like mine:  
Rejoice, O spirit fled!  
'Tis victory to thine.

Not the sad wail of anguish strong,  
Thy funeral chant should be;  
A song of joy, a conqueror's song,  
Is far more meet for thee.  
What though the bolt was sped  
Without a warning sign;  
We know, O sainted dead!  
God's holy will was thine.

We lay aside the honored sword  
 Thy hand will grasp no more :  
 O, dauntless soldier of the Lord,  
 Thy victories are o'er.  
 Around thy noble head  
 The stars of glory shine :  
 Rejoice, O spirit fled !  
 We know that heaven is thine.



### CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

**T**IS midnight ! and a fragile bark  
 Is tempest-tost on Galilee.  
 Behold, the skies above, how dark !  
 Beneath, how wildly heaves the sea !  
 While visions of impending death  
 The shrinking crew with terrors thrill,  
 High, high above the tempest's breath  
 Is heard one whisper, "Peace, be still !"

That whisper calms the fearful blast,—  
The waters sleep, the storm is o'er ;  
The watchers know the danger past,  
And the frail vessel nears the shore.  
Well may they look in mute amaze,  
And marvel at His mighty will,  
Who with a word the tempest stays,  
And makes the stormy waves "be still."

O Saviour! thus my sinful heart,  
A watcher on life's stormy sea,  
Sees, one by one, its hopes depart,  
And in its anguish calls on Thee.  
Stretch forth thine arm across the waves,  
Subdue the frenzied passion thrill ;  
Speak to the tempest, when it raves  
That soothing whisper, "Peace, be still !"

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

WHAT shall I ask for thee,  
O gentle angel of my heart and home,  
As to the throne of grace, on bended knee,  
In humble faith I come?  
'Twere better to be dumb  
Than unconsidered gifts to ask for thee,  
That to my soul's despair may granted be!

Sweet art thou, O my child,  
With thy broad brow, and softly flowing hair,  
And lips that evil word hath ne'er defiled,  
And heart still free from care,  
And most bewildering fair  
The drooping lids, fringed with the raven lash,  
That have not hidden yet the lightning's flash.

What shall I ask for thee ?  
Long life, I dare not—yet, if God should give  
Thee length of days, Oh, blest be His decree !  
    And, darling, may'st thou live,  
    That angels may receive  
Thy waiting spirit when thou com'st to die,  
And bear it to a happy home on high.

There was a mother once  
Who o'er her infant bent in anguish wild,  
Praying that he might live. That prayer's response  
    Gave back to life her child :  
    Conscious he woke and smiled.  
The years passed on, and she who gave him birth  
Saw him accursed, an outcast on the earth.

What shall I ask for thee ?  
Beauty ? O my beloved, how should I dare  
Ask of thy God a gift so sure to be  
    To tender hearts a snare ?  
    Not this shall be my prayer.  
The rich red rose attracts the spoiler's eye  
While lowlier blooms are passed unheeded by.

What shall I ask for thee ?  
Genius—that thou may'st have the talents ten,  
And pour thy thrilling music, clear and free,  
    To cheer thy fellow men,—  
    To hold the sage's pen—  
And win from art a chaplet for thy head,  
And leave a name to thrill when thou art dead ?

This is a fearful power  
For good or evil, O my blessed one !  
True, thou wilt have the triumphs of the hour,  
    And proud memorial stone ;  
    But how will these atone,  
If, through the world, one pestilential breath  
Be breathed by thee, leading a soul to death !

Therefore I will not ask  
Genius for thee : O, happier far are they  
Who with calm faith perform their daily task,  
    And tread the beaten way.  
    How would I dare to pray  
A gift for thee, my beautiful and pure,  
Whose power might make the soul's destruction sure !

O rather let me pray  
That God will give thee that He knoweth best,  
And teach thee, with a child-like trust to lay  
    Thy head upon His breast,  
    And whatsoe'er thy test—  
Whatever snares may for thy soul be cast,  
That He will guide and bless thee to the last.

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AMONG THE GRAVES.

**A**MONG forgotten graves  
I too have wandered oft at midnight hour,  
But not where o'er white stones the willow waves,  
    Or incense floats from nightly breathing flower ;  
But o'er the lonely graves in mine own heart,  
    Where love and friendship have been buried long,  
Where names are traced by sorrow's sculpture-art  
    That never yet were breathed in jest or song ;  
    'Tis here, forgotten by the careless throng,  
    I muse among the graves.



Here lies my buried hope,  
With girlhood faith torn from its fragile stem.  
Alas! no Resurrection day shall ope  
The earthly gates of light and life to them.  
Are those grim ghosts, in winding-sheet and shroud,  
Which haunt at midnight hour those silent aisles,  
One half so lonely as the spirit proud  
That like a spectre passes through the crowd,  
And while its pale, sad face is wreathed with smiles,  
Is thinking of the graves?

There is no weary heart,  
It matters not how reckless it hath been,  
But mid its desert life hath left apart  
Some little spot which tears keep fresh and green,—  
The memory of some little golden head  
Laid on that heart to still its passions strong,  
Some early love, whose tender sweetness shed  
A charm that lives through sorrow, sin, and wrong,  
And mid the loudest laugh, the wildest song,  
Reminds us of the dead.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

ONE bright spring morning, long ago,  
They found him by the river side;  
His name or kindred none might know,  
Nor whence he came, nor how he died.

His humble dress and forehead brown  
Bespoke a wanderer o'er the wave.  
With careless hands they laid him down,  
Nor raised the earth above his grave.  
And now, with heavy, heedless tread,  
They trample daily o'er his head.

What need had he of shroud or stone?  
What right had he to priest or prayer?  
He was a stranger, poor and lone,  
And he hath met a stranger's care.

*The Stranger's Grave.*

Aye, tramp him down ; no heart will heed,  
No gentle voice will plead to save.  
It were too much that e'en a weed  
Should blossom on the stranger's grave.  
Why need we care ? our loved ones sleep  
Where roses bloom and willows weep.

Yet oftentimes my woman's heart  
Thrills strangely as I pass the spot,  
And often will the teardrops start  
While musing o'er his shrouded lot.  
I soothe my child with murmurs low,  
And fold it fondly to my breast.  
Alas, alas ! how may I know  
What hands may lay its bones to rest ?  
While I, who would have died to save,  
May know not of that lonely grave.

TO MARY.

**M**Y best beloved, for thee  
My harp rings out a tender strain,  
And loving fancies, wild and free,  
Take up the sweet refrain ;  
And silver stream and willow bough  
Dance to the magic numbers now,  
As softly steals my gentle lay,  
To thee, my love, my blooming May,  
My queenly Mary.

May was, in olden times,  
A tender maiden, fair and young,  
And royal bards, in golden rhymes,  
Her wondrous beauty sung ;  
And lovers to her festal tree  
Their offerings brought on bended knee,  
And trilled the votive roundelay,  
Like this I sing for thee to day,  
My gentle Mary.

*To Mary.*

On many an antique shrine,  
 Hid sweetly in Italian bowers,  
 A Mary stands,—a form divine,  
 All garlanded with flowers ;  
 And often to such calm retreat,  
 In picturesque garb and sandalled feet,  
 The weary pilgrim wends his way,  
 To ask her prayers. O wilt thou pray  
 For me, my Mary ?

And at the vesper hour,  
*Ave Maria* sweetly swells  
 From old cathedral dome and tower,  
 Rung by a thousand bells ;  
 And from the mountains clear and high  
 Comes back the human-voiced reply,  
*Ave Maria !* So to thee  
 I breathe my strain on bended knee,  
 My gentle Mary.

When, dearest, wilt thou come,  
 In thy young beauty, bright and gay,  
 To scatter in my heart and home  
 The buds and blooms of May,—

To make thy realm a charméd sphere,  
One gay, glad summer all the year?  
Oh! not the brightest dream can paint  
Thy grace my flower, my queen, my saint,  
My peerless Mary.



## R E S T .

**H**ERE at last is rest ;  
Trustingly these words I said,  
And upon my loved one's breast  
Laid my weary head.  
O how many hopeless years  
I had toiled in pain and tears,  
Seeking rest ; now all is past,  
And my prayer is heard at last,  
Here is rest.

But a little while,  
And I found how frail the reed,  
I, with fond, confiding smile,  
Trusted in my need.

Foolish heart, that dared to trust  
But a sinful child of dust  
With its peace. Well, love is past,  
Calm indifference comes at last,  
Here is rest.

Still my heart would rove,—  
What is life without an aim?  
Let the heart deceived by love  
Seek the wreath of fame.  
Twine the laurel round the brow,  
Teach earth's haughty ones to bow :  
Genius winneth wealth and power ;  
In the triumphs of the hour  
I will rest.

Then I thought of thee,\*  
Royal-hearted child of song,  
From thy birth-place forced to flee,  
Crowned with scorn and wrong.

\* Dante.

Death upon thy step awaits,  
Shouldst thou pass thy city gates,  
Thou, a monarch at thy birth,  
Wandering homeless o'er the earth,  
Seeking rest.

Rest ! there is no rest,  
Changeful earth, on thy green sod :  
Let me fly to Thy true breast,  
Saviour, son of God.  
Never more shall love betray,  
Fame or pleasure lead astray ;  
New-born soul, thy toils are past,—  
Shout thy victor cry at last,  
Here is rest.



## WE'LL MEET AGAIN TO-MORROW.

**I**N early hours, when passion flowers  
By wintry winds were blighted,  
When pride and hate could separate  
The hearts by love united ;  
Ah ! then you cried, as from your side  
I went in hapless sorrow,—  
“Cheer up, sweet heart, we only part  
To meet some happier morrow !”

In after-life, my love, my wife,  
When age was stealing o'er me,  
Far from your side, o'er waters wide,  
A sad misfortune bore me ;  
Yet, soft and clear, these words of cheer  
Stole o'er my darkest sorrow,—  
“Bear up, sweet heart, we only part  
To meet again to-morrow !”

And now, my dear, when death draws near,  
Why should you shrink or quiver?  
No shadowy bark, the saving ark  
That waits me on the river.  
Faith lights the way,—then only say  
You will not droop in sorrow;  
In realms above, my faithful love,  
We'll meet again to-morrow!



THE OLIVE STAR.\*

IT sheds its gentle ray,  
Night and day,  
Above the spot where my beloved dwells;  
It gleams, in festal hours,  
'Mid incense, light, and flowers,  
The swell of organs and the chime of bells.

\* In Catholic countries, there is a lamp, filled with olive oil, burning day and night before the altar on which the blessed sacrament is kept.

*The Olive Star.*

When hushed the organ's tone,  
And aisles are lone,  
And waxen tapers fade, it grows not dim,  
But through the solemn night  
It burns most clear and bright,  
Shedding its constant light alone for Him.

Ever before the ark  
It shines, to mark  
His presence,—to this faith my spirit clings,  
As once of old, a star  
Brought wise men from afar,  
Unto the cradle of the King of kings.

And thus, believing heart,  
Frail as thou art,  
Before the day is spent, thy night-lamps trim :  
Kindle a burning fire  
Of love and pure desire,  
And on its flames aspire to dwell with Him.

MY ROSEBUD.

**I** LAY thee on my aching heart,  
My rosebud, pale and dead ;  
A sweet memorial thou art  
Of her whose life is fled.  
They brought thee here, fair folded flower,  
Like babe for christening drest ;  
That thou might'st bloom for one short hour  
Upon my baby's breast,  
Fair rose,  
My baby's sinless breast

Thou might'st have had a brighter fate,  
O bud of fragrant bloom,  
Than on my heart, so desolate,  
To waste thy rich perfume.

*My Rosebud.*

But thou, with all thy matchless grace,  
    Could'st find no place of rest  
More holy, in the world's wide space,  
    Than on my baby's breast,  
        Sweet rose,  
My baby's sinless breast.

Thou might'st have bloomed for minstrel's lyre,  
    Or lady's bridal bower ;  
Or drooped, perchance, 'neath passion's fire,  
    A scorned and worthless flower.  
Or breathed unprized thy latest sigh,  
    By careless fingers prest.  
Ah! was it not more sweet to die  
    Upon my baby's breast,  
        Dear rose,  
My baby's sinless breast ?

ENTHUSIASM.

**W**ELL, the long agony is past,  
The hour of dread suspense is o'er,  
And I can sit me down at last  
And freely breathe once more.  
How could I touch the minstrel lyre,  
Or who would stay my song to hear,  
While human voices, high and higher,  
Burst like the awful cry of fire  
Upon the listening ear,  
And my wild spirit caught the spell ?  
Huzza ! book, lyre and pen, farewell !

And now in quiet thoughtful mood,  
At midnight in my silent room,  
Far from the restless multitude,  
With music, banner, plume,

I calmly view the distant throng,  
    Their sympathetic hopes and fears,  
Their love of right, their hate of wrong,  
Their faith in freedom firm and strong,  
    And my glad soul reveres  
That mystic fire, whose heat imparts  
Strength to the brotherhood of hearts.

Amid the thousands in the street,  
    One common thought is breathed aloud,  
And hearts re-echo, lips repeat  
    That murmur through the crowd.  
Thus minstrel strain and saintly prayer,  
    The voice of preacher, teacher, friend,  
With simple utterance thrill the air :  
Ah ! little know we when or where  
    Their influence may end,  
Or how one spoken word controls  
The welfare of immortal souls.

MIGNONETTE.

**W**HAT ! hidden by those gaudy flowers,  
Verbena and convolvulus !  
Alas ! how oft in happy hours  
Are humble friends neglected thus.  
Neglected to be sought again  
By hearts subdued by grief and pain,  
And eyes too oft with teardrops wet,  
As I seek thee, sweet Mignonette.

We turn from quiet eyes of blue,  
To look in brilliant ones of black,  
And find the serpent's charm too true,  
When we would draw our glances back.  
And then we leave the tender breast  
That in our childhood gave us rest,  
Without one feeling of regret,  
As I left thee, sweet Mignonette.



*Mignonette.*

But when we find our idols clay,  
All beauty vain, all goodness art,  
Fame but a false deceitful ray,  
And intellect without a heart,  
Then with the wisdom sorrow brings,  
We turn our hearts to lowlier things,  
And blush that we could e'er forget  
The friends like thee, sweet Mignonette.

When sadly at the casement low,  
I knelt last night at midnight hour,  
And turned my aching eyes below,  
On leaf and tendril, bud and flower,  
And wondered if aught could impart  
One ray of comfort to my heart ;  
Ah! then with soothing, sweet regret,  
I caught thy breath, sweet Mignonette.

And then I thought he whom I prize,  
Though careless and neglectful now,  
When tears shall dim his brilliant eyes,  
And sorrow brood o'er heart and brow,

When prouder, happier friends in vain  
Shall try all arts to soothe his pain,  
Will seek the heart that loves him yet,  
As I seek thee, sweet Mignonette.



THE FIRST BORN.

**I**T was not of the golden head  
That lay so sweetly on my breast,  
That I was thinking, when I said,  
How peaceful is her rest ;  
But of a child as brightly fair,  
That years ago had slumbered there,  
A sinless angel guest.  
'Twas of that white-robed cherub fled,  
That I was thinking, when I said,  
How peaceful is her rest.  
And lo ! across the lyre's mute strings  
I heard the rustle of light wings.

*The First Born.*

Once more I sung the lullaby,  
That soothed to sleep mine angel child,  
And smothered back the wailing cry  
Of anguish deep and wild ;  
And clearer seems the loving care  
That bears the priceless treasure where  
Is neither moth nor rust,—  
The chastening hand in tender love,  
Leading with kindly clasp above,  
A fragile child of dust.  
Well may my spirit's trembling ring,  
Repeat the strain the angels sing.

I murmured when the bitter cup  
Came to my lips. I could not think  
The angel child I yielded up  
Would form the brightest link  
Between my soul and that blest sphere,  
Where those so wildly mourned for here  
Shall once again be mine.

THE PILGRIM.

'TIS noon. Behold a pilgrim stand  
Before a desert, sighing,—  
Thorns in his heart, and in his hand  
A passion rose-bud dying ;—  
Behind, a grove by zephyrs fann'd,  
Before, a waste of burning sand,  
And far away a pleasant land  
In peaceful beauty lying.

White bones are scattered here and there,  
And skulls confront him ever,  
As if with ghastliness to scare  
His soul from its endeavor.  
*They* fell ; yet why should *he* despair,  
Though heavy is the cross to bear ?  
Before him lies a valley fair,  
Where he can rest forever.

*Adrift.*

Sweet voices call,—they call in vain—

“Come back!” He answers “Never!

My bones may bleach upon the plain,

But I return not ever.”

No palm for shade,—no spring, no rain,

No time for sleep,—no ease for pain,

'Till he that blessed land shall gain,

To rest in Christ forever.



## ADRIFT.

'TIS mounting now on the billows high,

Now cast in the gulf below,

A tiny boat, 'twixt the sea and sky,

Tossed helpless to and fro.

By a careless hand was the rope untied

And the little boat set free,

And now, at the mercy of wind and tide,

It drifts on the stormy sea.

On its homeward course, with the port in view,  
The good ship speeds along,  
With a trusty crew, and a pilot true,  
And timbers firm and strong.  
But none shall welcome the pinnacle back  
That the careless hand set free :  
It is far behind on the good ship's track,  
Adrift on the stormy sea.

And thus, how oft, by the thoughtless word,  
Are the cords of faith untied,  
And the faithful preachers of the Lord  
Are parted from our side.  
And the waves of passion o'er us roll,  
And the winds of hate blow free,  
Alas ! for the unbelieving soul  
Adrift on the stormy sea !

## THE LOST LETTER.

WELL, 'tis lost, lost—the letter, my friend,  
I received last week with such proud delight,  
And here must our correspondence end,  
Unless you again should write ;  
For I cannot find it. High and low,  
I have searched for that missive, quaint and brief,  
With its seal and scent of geranium leaf ;  
I have questioned the children, they do not know,  
And so I have come to grief.

You remember the tale of the mistletoe bough,  
How a fair young girl in a chest was hid  
In all her bridal beauty, and how  
It closed with a spring in the lid ;  
How, centuries after, that chest was found  
In tower of the castle, 'mid ruin and rust,  
When forced was the lock, with its terrible trust ;  
But the fair young bride, with the mistletoe crowned,  
Was only a heap of dust.

Well, I thought of this story yesterday,  
And it seemed your letter, my Adaline,  
Was a fair young bride, and was hidden away  
In this ruinous castle of mine.  
Like the sorrowful bridegroom, I long may look  
My drawers, and closets, and chambers o'er ;  
'Tis laid away in some cunning nook,  
Or between the leaves of a borrowed book,  
Where I never may find it more.

But one single hope is left me yet ;  
That these lines, perchance, may meet your eye,  
And when you learn my sincere regret,  
You will kindly vouchsafe a reply.  
But a bird that is ever upon the wing  
Will often baffle the sportsman's aim ;  
And the earnest strain that to you I sing,  
No glad response to my heart may bring,  
And my name will be spoken with blame.



## THE ESPIRITU · SANTO.

WE find it not 'mid native flowers,—  
 It is no blossom we have known ;  
 But far away from garden bowers,  
 It grows in crevices of stone ;  
 A stranger of the floral kind,  
 With fair bells drooping from the light,  
 In whose pure bosom we may find,  
 Like gem in casket softly shrined,  
 A tiny dove with pinions white  
 Half spread, as if for heavenward flight—  
*Espiritu Santo.*

So once a dove, with pinions spread,  
 Went from the ark o'er waters wide ;  
 So once it crowned the Saviour's head,  
 By the baptismal Jordan's tide.

Of this a gentle teacher thought,  
Who turned away from wealth and fame,  
And to this lonely region brought  
The saving faith that Saviour taught ;  
From him this lowly blossom came  
To bear the sweet, appropriate name—

*Espiritu Santo.*

And from our paths as far apart  
As desert region, drear and lone,  
In many a meek and humble heart  
The Holy Spirit dwells unknown :  
The drooping head, the lowly air  
Hide the rich treasure from our sight.  
Unknown the work, unheard the prayer  
That evermore lives sweetly there ;  
And there, as if prepared for flight,  
Dwells the fair dove, with pinions white —

*Espiritu Santo.*

## GOD'S WILL BE DONE.

“**T**HY holy will be done!” I cried ;  
“Henceforth, O Lord ! thy cross I bear.”  
But oh ! how soon, when sorely tried,  
My triumph turned to pleading prayer !  
“Spare me, O God ! thy blessed light ;  
Shut not from me the glorious sun !  
I could not lose the gift of sight  
And humbly say, Thy will be done.”

My prayer was heard ; my longing eyes  
Again beheld the light of day ;  
And I, in my conceit more wise,  
Had taught my heart at last to say  
“God's will be done !” but when the breast  
That I in childhood leaned upon,  
Was borne to its last earthly rest,  
I could not say, “His will be done !”

With pleading cry and anguished clasp,  
I held mine infant to my heart,  
Although I knew that death's rough grasp  
Was slowly tearing us apart.  
How could I lay thee with the dead,  
My beautiful, my only one !  
Give to the dust that golden head,  
And meekly say, "God's will be done?"

O, Saviour ! Thou hast wept and died  
For many faithless ones like me,  
Who follow thee up Tabor's side,  
Yet shrink from climbing Calvary.  
Alas ! if this should be the test  
Of conquered sin and victory won—  
That, losing all we love the best,  
We truly say,—“God's will be done !”

## THE TRESS OF GOLDEN HAIR.

UPON the frozen earth I found,  
Just at the dawning light,  
A folded paper, fastened round  
With ribbon pure and white ;  
Some passer by had dropped it there,  
And as I opened it with care,  
What was the prize that met my sight ?  
A tress of golden hair !

Now to my grieving lips I press,  
While tears are falling fast,  
This little talismanic tress,  
In memory of the past ;  
For none but infant heads could bear  
A curl so silken, soft, and fair.  
Thou hast a spell around me cast,  
Lost tress of golden hair !

The little head I sadly miss  
From breast and cradle now  
Had many a curl as bright as this  
On pure and sinless brow.  
O gentle dove! O angel fair!  
Thou never more wilt slumber there,  
And all that thou hast left me is  
A tress of golden hair.

Ah! more than one dear, sunny curl  
Is hid in secret nooks,  
In caskets rich with gem and pearl,  
In old and faded books.  
And many a ring and bracelet rare  
Incloses silken relic fair  
Of the lost boy or angel girl  
With wealth of golden hair.

O silken curl, I fain would know  
Where the fair head doth rest  
That bore thy brightness—'neath the snow,  
Or on a mother's breast?

Wast thou a relic kept to wear  
As talisman against despair,  
Whose touch could make dried fountains flow—  
Lost tress of golden hair ?

Thou on whose heart the bright head lay  
That wore this severed tress,  
I know thy sad lips will not say  
Thy heart doth prize it less  
That stranger tears have fallen there,  
That stranger hands, with tender care,  
Put gently, lovingly away,  
Thy tress of golden hair.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

I AM sitting here to-night, alone with silence round me,  
The busy day is ended; hushed is its tiresome din.  
'Tis in such hours as these that the foe hath always  
found me,

When I was weak to struggle with my sorrow and  
my sin.

For a sorrow and a sin is this fatal castle-building,  
That steals from stern and actual life the energies away ;  
With beauty, love and song the airy turrets gilding  
Wherein is hung the magic lamp that leads my soul  
astray.

But *I will* be conqueror now. I have taken pen and paper,  
And have registered a vow that this hour I will be free  
From the host of dangerous fancies that throng around  
my taper,  
And steep my drowsy senses in delicious reverie.



'Tis almost ten o'clock, yet a strain comes o'er the river,  
And I pause as if to listen to the dancers' flying feet ;  
But a voice is in mine ear that doth make my heart-  
strings quiver,

Ah ! why should sounds forbidden be so tender and so  
sweet ?

Again I move my pen ; with this thrilling of my fingers  
Strange characters are forming that I can scarcely read,  
For in my haunted ear that dreamy whisper lingers,  
And in spite of all my promises I cannot help but heed.  
I drop the feeble pen and take up the book beside me,—  
A simple tale of Tennyson—yet love is still the theme,—  
And in realms of wild romance, with the Laureate bard  
to guide me,

I find a fairer castle than was ever in my dream.

But this will never do ; I cannot thus abandon  
My stronghold to the enemy, while I have power to  
save ;  
I'll throw the Laureate down. What next ? O hapless  
Landon,  
Sweet singer, gentle woman—troubled life and early  
grave.

I close the book. What next? Why the face of Robert  
Browning,  
With his "Fifty men and women," and his tender "One  
word more,"  
Moore's "Angels;" Goethe's "Faust;" ah! surely, fate  
is frowning,  
Or it would not crown temptation with the opium  
eater's lore;  
For here's De Quincey's face on the open page before me,  
And brighter in my turrets the lamp of magic gleams,  
And beauty, love, and song shed bloom and fragrance  
o'er me,  
And I long to build my castle in the Summer-land of  
dreams.

O poets and romancers! for all this castle-building  
Not blameless ye, my masters,—ye keep me busy still.  
With fancy's sweetest beams my tower of Babel gilding,  
What wonder I would climb to Heaven from earthly  
care and ill?

## THE NEW YEAR'S VALENTINE.

**B**OLD in his beauty comes the glad, young year,  
The stripling scion of a princely line ;  
And with a voice like clarion, sweet and clear,  
Sings to the fair young Spring his Valentine.  
He was a nursling babe but yesterday,  
Fresh from the arms of his white-headed sire ;  
To-day he comes with manhood's trappings gay,  
Crowned with bright hopes, at beauty's feet to lay  
His tribute of the lyre.

And he will conquer. When had lady fair  
A braver knight to wield the sword or lance ?  
None reins the charger with a statelier air,  
Or hath more power of magic in his glance.  
A kingly crown is on his noble brow,—  
His costly regal robes with diamonds shine ;



Soon will his first love slumber with the dead,  
 And he will win the Summer to his side ;  
 She, too, in turn, will droop her stately head,  
 And leave the rich, ripe Autumn for his bride.  
 And when old Winter decks his crispy hair  
 With drifting snow, he'll turn, in life's decline,  
 When tottering down the hillside, bleak and bare,  
 To see upon the summit, fresh and fair,  
 His boyhood's Valentine.



### THROUGH THE FENCE.

“ **A** THING of beauty is a joy forever.”  
 Thus sung poor Keats in famed Endymion.  
 Who hath not proved how vain is Time's endeavor  
 To rob the soul of joys from beauty won ?  
 How memory ornaments the saddest places  
 With panoramic pictures, rich and rare,  
 And fills our lonely rooms with lovely faces  
 That in our wanderings met us here and there ?

There's not a blossom that hath brought us pleasure  
By graceful form, bright color, fragrant breath,  
But hath been stored in memory's house of treasure  
As so much loveliness redeemed from death.

There's not a picture nature's hand hath painted,  
There's not a song by nature's poets sung,  
But helps to keep some gentle soul untainted,  
And soothe some tender heart and keep it young.

And so I place *you* in the ranks of glory,  
Whose blossoms greet me through the garden fence,  
With all who bless their kind by song and story—  
By love and sweetness, truth and eloquence.

## ALL SOULS.

ON my couch one midnight lying,  
Thinking of the dead and dying,  
And the weary farce of living  
When life's blessed hopes are o'er,—  
Suddenly there came a sighing,  
Like a kindred heart replying,  
Or a soul sad answer giving  
From the far-off spirit-shore.

Then a shuddering awe came o'er me,  
And a voiceless terror bore me,  
Like a bark borne by a billow,  
On the stormy midnight deep ;  
Till with sudden courage arming,  
“What,” I said, “is here alarming ?”  
So I turned upon my pillow,  
Closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

But my hopes were unavailing.  
Soon again there came that wailing,  
And I cried, "Oh God, what is it  
That can give such fancies birth?"  
Then with sudden thought I started,—  
"Tis the night when the departed  
Leave the realm of souls to visit  
Friends and places loved on earth."

Thinking of this superstition,  
Lo! there came a quick transition,  
And there stole a calmness o'er me  
As I lay upon my bed ;  
"Why," I thought, "should this alarm me?  
Those who love me will not harm me  
And the shades that pass before me  
Are the spirits of my dead."

Then a strain came, light and airy.  
"That," I thought, "is little Mary."  
And straightway I fell to weeping  
For the little two-year-old,



*All Souls.*

For the tender April blossom  
That was taken from my bosom,  
And beneath the sod is sleeping  
    In the churchyard drear and cold.

That wild wail could be no other  
Than the stormy-passioned brother,  
Who was fated to inherit  
    Temper fearful as the blast.  
He the wild and wayward ever,  
Scorning every fond endeavor  
To subdue the fiery spirit  
    That led on to death at last.

Sad and solemn came another.  
That, I knew, must be the mother  
That we laid beneath the willow,  
    Near the sculptured marble stone.  
Is her gentle spirit grieving  
For the daughter unbelieving,  
That across my midnight pillow  
    Thus she pours the piteous moan ?

Then I wept in deep contrition,—  
Call it idle superstition,  
What you choose, all you who hear me  
    Tell of these mysterious things.  
But I know that spirits loving  
Were around my chamber moving,  
And the sound I heard so near me  
    Was the rustle of their wings.



OUT OF THE SHADOW.

**W**ELCOME her back to the board and the hearth!  
    Long hath she languished in sorrow and pain:  
Sad was the household and hushed was the mirth—  
    Let the house ring with sweet laughter again.  
Long hath the Death Angel hung o'er thy home,  
Now he hath fled let the joy-spirits come;  
Sunshine and music shall brighten thy track,  
Home shall be home again—welcome her back.

Soon shall the pallid cheek flush like the rose,  
    Soon will the languid heart strengthen and thrill ;  
Soon shall the crimson tide, melting the snows,  
    Rush through the veins till they darken and fill.  
She will be hopeful and cheerful, ere long ;  
Daily her step will grow steady and strong ;  
Out from the clouds of Death, gloomy and black,  
Welcome her back again—welcome her back.

Out of the shadow into the sun—  
    Out of the sunshine into the shade—  
Thus doth the life-stream of destiny run,  
    Happy are they who are never afraid.  
Strong is the Hand that hath guided thy bark  
Into the sun again out of the dark ;  
Music and laughter shall brighten thy track,  
Home shall be home again—welcome her back.

THE POET.

I SAW upon the path of life  
A stripling 'mid the sturdy throng,  
With spirit free from worldly strife,  
And singing as he passed along.

His lute hung lightly at his side,  
And to his touch made music sweet ;  
With love-braids were his sandals tied,  
And flowers breathed odors 'neath his feet.

He saw not with his dreaming eye  
The pitying smile or frown unkind,  
As one by one passed quickly by  
And left him in the path behind.

One to the land of gold was bound,  
Another climbed the hill of Fame,  
And one, a youth with roses crowned,  
Was whispering low a loved one's name ;

And then a form of hate and wrath  
With heavy tread came hurrying by,  
And dashed the stripling from his path  
And left him where he fell, to die.

Lord, I forgive, and am forgiven !  
Thus cried the boy amid his pain ;  
And with his dying eyes on heaven  
He sang his last triumphant strain.

It reached the pilgrim on the hill,  
The traveller to the gold land bound,  
And touched with strong magnetic thrill  
The lover with the roses crowned.

Now in the lowly household band,  
And on the lofty hill of fame,  
And in the *El Dorado* land,  
Those travellers preach the Saviour's name.

EDGAR A. POE.

I AM thinking of the Raven, of the strain so deeply graven  
On my heart and on my memory in the school-girl  
days of yore ;  
Of the mourner sick with sighing, on the velvet cushions  
lying,  
And the fiend that kept replying, "Nevermore, never-  
more."

'Tis but fancy, well I know it, midnight, lamplight, gloomy  
poet,  
All the shadings of the picture, e'en the bust above the  
door ;  
But I hear the moaning river till my very heart-strings  
quiver,  
And I cry, "Will none deliver from the tempter Never  
more ?"

Will they ever be forgiven, they whose eyes have looked  
on heaven,  
They whose ears have heard the music that the white-  
robed angels pour,  
If to earthly paths returning, with their hearts with fervor  
burning,  
They should walk 'mid pleasures, spurning earthly duties  
as before ?

In the land of dreams enchanted, are we mortals always  
haunted  
By the heavy burdens pressing till our hearts are sick  
and sore ?  
All our efforts unavailing to subdue one human failing,  
Shall our spirits hush their wailing, nevermore, never-  
more ?

When the morning sun is beaming, wakened from this  
fearful dreaming,  
I may look upon this picture, wondering at the gloom  
it wore ;

---

But the look it now is wearing 'neath the street-lamp's  
ghostly glaring,  
Brings again that cry despairing,—Nevermore, Never-  
more.

Hapless bard, I who inherit, not thy genius, but the spirit  
To throw off all earthly bondage, and to seek the un-  
known shore,  
Art thou from that land replying, to my questioning and  
sighing,  
That I hear thy raven crying evermore, "Nevermore?"



THE FOLLOWERS OF THE CROSS.

**N**OT to that city on the plain,  
Where pilgrims flock from many a clime,  
I watch to-night that shadowy train  
Pass down the solemn aisle of time ;  
Onward they march, with banners red  
With blood from Calvary's crimson tide,  
The followers of the thorn-crowned head,  
The warriors of the Crucified.



See, from the cross, the rack, the wheel,  
The martyr bears his victor crown,  
And claims the stake, the stone, the steel,  
As royal trophies of renown ;  
And o'er the burning desert plain,  
And through the trackless forest wide,  
With dying breath he tells again  
The story of the Crucified.

The young, the old, the weak, the strong,  
The maiden fair, the pilgrim gray,  
Down pathless ages pass along,  
And sing rejoicing on their way.  
Praise Him who took a form of clay,  
And poured from head, and hands, and side,  
The stream that washed our sins away,—  
All glory to the Crucified !

How many a ruthless Saracen  
Bent to the red-cross standard bright !  
What Moslem towers have fallen when  
Assaulted by the Christian knight !

And at the guarded castle gate,  
In prison cell, in hall of pride,  
How many captives yet await  
The summons of the Crucified!

Ages have passed, and still they come.  
"Thou seest them not!" Oh! blind thou art.  
The Cross is reared in many a home,  
And blood is poured from many a heart.  
The patient brother, bent with care,  
The sister fading by thy side  
Are martyrs, and their cross they bear  
For love of Him, the Crucified.

## THE FORSAKEN.

**H**ER hair is twined in glossy braids,  
And wreathed with fragrant flowers ;  
Yet from her face the sunlight fades,  
As pass the weary hours.  
But still she seeks the misty pane  
To watch the fading light,  
And wait for him ; but all in vain,—  
He will not come to-night.

The light hath faded from the sky,  
The stars come one by one ;  
Yet, with a sad and wistful eye,  
The girl keeps watching on.  
She often turns to brush away  
The tears that dim her sight ;  
And 'tis so sad to hear her say,  
“ He will not come to-night ! ”

She calls to mind his parting words,  
And breathes them o'er and o'er ;  
But now they fall on quivering chords,  
That never thrilled before.  
She pushes back the braided hair,  
Her cheek is ashy-white ;  
But 'tis the paleness of despair,—  
He will not come to-night.

Well, many a cheek of brighter red  
Hath lost its rosy glow ;  
And many a fairer, prouder head,  
Hath bent in anguish low.  
And tears have flowed, sad, bitter tears,  
From eyes as dark and bright,  
And many a passing angel hears,  
“ He will not come to-night.”

## THE POETS.

**G**OD'S ministers are they,  
Between the heaven and earth alone they stand ;  
Here souls are captive, held by bonds of clay,  
There, stretching far and beautiful away,  
Is the free spirit-land.  
And they unto the weary world shall bring  
Glad tidings of deliverance, and sing  
Of the dear Christ that suffered for its sake.  
Woe, if they sleep while souls are left to die ;  
Woe, if they cease to sound that warning cry :  
The Master comes, awake !

God's ministers are they,  
Forever bringing hidden truths to light,  
And sending brilliant gleamings of the day,  
By white-robed messengers, in bright array,

Across the solemn night.  
Their is the power, by magic might, to bear  
Far from the earth its weary load of care,  
Lest tender hearts should break ;  
And by their hands the fearful bolts are hurled,  
While thunders roll : why sleepest thou, old world ?  
The Master comes, awake !

God's ministers are they,  
Catching the music from that heavenly shore  
Far soothing. When earth's stricken children lay  
The loved and beautiful in death away,  
They whisper evermore ;  
Not of the pale, cold form, the lost, the dead,  
But the bright glory of the spirit fled ;  
• The burning thirst that living waters slake.  
They tell of the archangel, that will bring  
To earthly ears the summons of the King,—  
The Master comes, awake !

## AN EXPLANATION.

JUST as the spirit moves I write,  
Not thinking who will praise or blame :  
All are not guided by one light,  
All bosoms do not beat the same.  
Were I as stainless as the snow,  
I would be dark in some one's sight :  
Then all may know, in joy or woe,  
Just as the spirit moves I write.

How can I let each idle voice  
Decide my course or prompt my strain ?  
When one cries out, "Rejoice, rejoice !"  
Another sighs, "Such mirth is vain."  
One sorrows o'er the minstrel's fall,  
One hails for me the dawning light.  
Good friends, you are mistaken all :  
Just as the spirit moves I write.

Some lift their hands in dumb amaze,  
    To hear a matron minstrel sing  
The burning dreams of early days,  
    The gay romances of the spring.  
Some think it sinful thus to fill  
    The fainting soul with visions bright ;  
I hear their paltry cavils,—still  
    Just as the spirit moves I write.

I cannot pass along unmoved,  
    Or trill a carol light and gay,  
When something I have fondly loved  
    Hath faded from the earth away.  
When fervent hopes and yearnings high  
    Go with the lost beyond my sight,  
My thoughts are wanderers to the sky,  
    And as the spirit moves I write.



## NOT LOST.

**T**HOU canst not now recall thy wasted years,  
Thy splendid talents suffered to decay ;  
As well thy cheek, grown pale with frequent tears,  
Might seek the freshness of its April day.  
The past is past, the future, far away,  
Is what the present makes it. Be thou wise,  
And Mercy may yet shed her gentle ray  
On thy dark soul, and lead thee to the skies.  
Thou art not wholly lost. The feeble flame  
That warms thy bosom to repentance now,  
May yet redeem thy deeply sullied name,  
And wipe the earth-stain from thy manly brow.  
Be wise ! The time that yet remains for thee  
May win a glorious immortality.

CONSOLATION.

COME ! let us burst the fetters that have bound us  
    To sorrow and regret ;  
We have a world of bloom and sunshine round us,  
    And much to live for yet.

What though we seek in vain the smiling faces,  
    That by the hearthstone shone ;  
Are there no household flowers to take their places,  
    We yet may call our own ?

Why should we nurse our selfish grief, forgetting  
    Our brother's joy to share,  
And the green sods of earth with tear-drops wetting,  
    As if our loved were there ?

What though the love of spring-time hath departed,  
    And friendship wrought us ill ;  
The world hath fond ones, true and gentle-hearted,  
    To love and bless us still.

*My Kingdom.*

While one bright angel in the world above us,  
 Doth vigils o'er us keep ;  
 While blooms one flower—while lives one heart to love us,  
 What cause have we to weep ?

Come ! let us burst the fetters that have bound us  
 To sorrow and regret ;  
 We have a world of bloom and sunshine round us,  
 And much to live for yet.



## MY KINGDOM.

**I** SIT alone in the gathering gloom,  
 And wave my sceptre, a fairy wand,  
 When lo ! in an instant my little room  
 Is changed to a kingdom grand.  
 There are palace walls,  
 And stately halls,  
 And a crowd of kneeling subjects near ;  
 And a royal crown on my brown hair falls—  
 For I am a monarch here.

I wave my wand, and the ages rise,  
Like the dreams of youth on the morning air,  
And all that is beautiful, great, or wise,  
Is borne to my kingdom fair ;  
Now the wisdom page  
Of the heathen sage,  
And the Druid priest with his mystic lore,  
Memorials of a buried age,  
Are found on the earth once more.

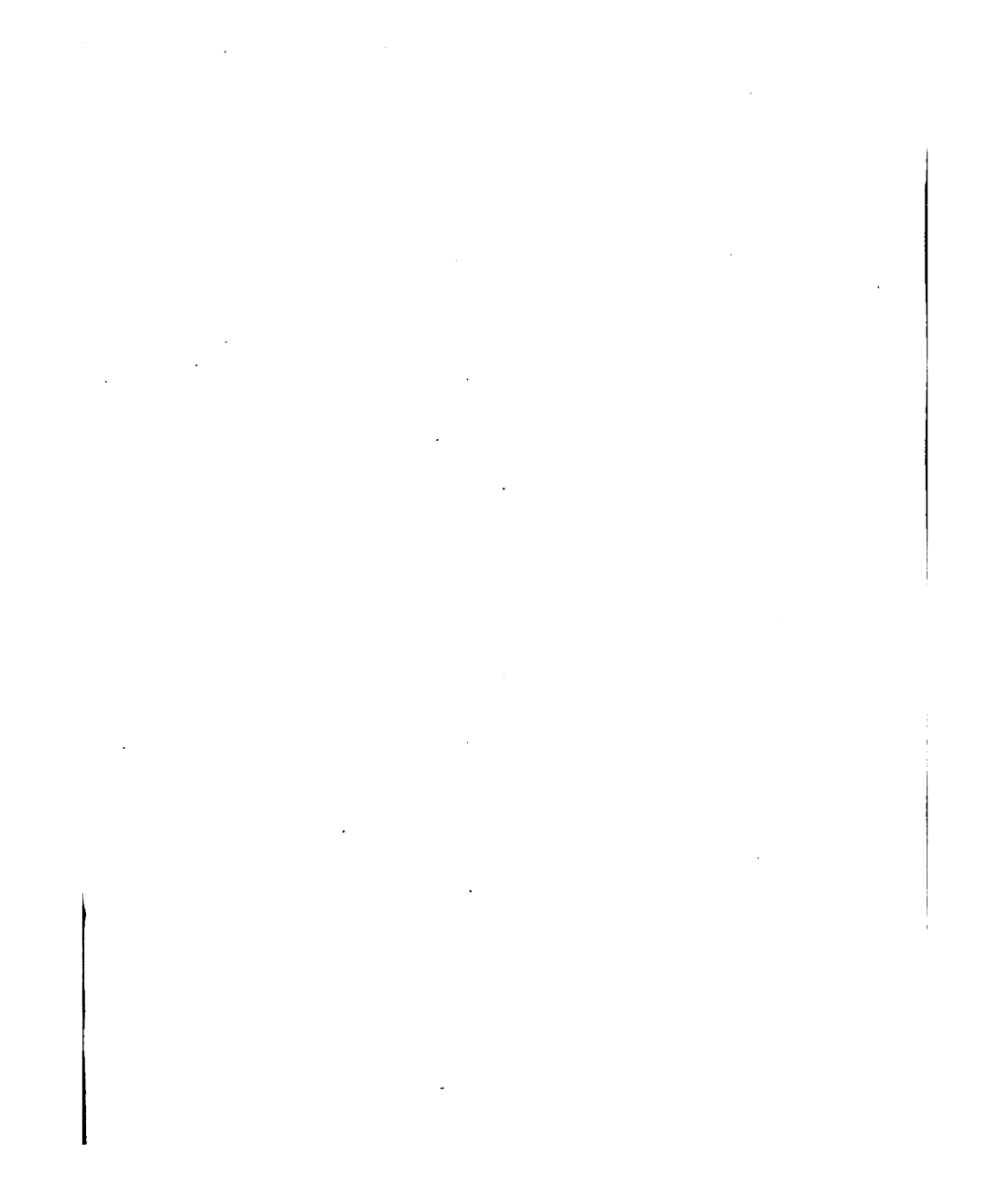
I wave my wand, and the Indian isles  
Have brought their treasures to deck my throne ;  
For I rule where eternal summer smiles,  
And where winter was never known.  
The sanguine sports  
Of the savage courts,  
Barbaric pomp and pageantry,  
Kings, castles and kingdoms, fields and forts,  
Are called, and they come to me.

I wave my wand, and a glorious band  
Of warrior youths to my presence spring ;  
And rich are the gifts from the Holy Land  
Those mailed crusaders bring.

*My Kingdom.*

They are jewels rare,  
That a queen might wear,  
And regal robes of texture fine ;  
But one gift most dear those warriors bear  
From the plains of Palestine.

I wave my wand, and a thousand lyres  
Wake in my halls, and the dead bards sing ;  
But there is no voice that my soul inspires  
Like the voice of the poet king !  
Solemn and grand  
Doth the monarch stand,  
And his mournful *miserere* pour :  
My tears flow fast, I have dropped my wand,  
I awake, and my reign is o'er.



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